

WHEN AN HEIR IS BORN.

Ceremonies Attending Births in the Circles of Royalty.

Red Tapes Which Would Not Be Countenanced by American Women—Officials Who Must Attend the Birth of a Prince.

The birth of a probable successor to the English throne is an event which naturally is marked by more ceremonial and circumstance than the ushering into the world of more ordinary



THE DUCHESS OF YORK.

mortals. When an heir to the crown is born members of the privy council must be in attendance to attest the fact. In the present instance a special telegraph wire was laid down between Whitehall and the White Lodge in order that not a moment might be lost in transmitting the intelligence to government headquarters in London. Mr. Aquilth, whose presence as home secretary was de rigueur, was visiting Mr. Henry White, late first secretary to the United States embassy, at his house at Loxley park, Surrey. Richmond is only half an hour distant by rail, and an engine, with steam up, was kept waiting night and day at Guildford, the nearest railway station, in readiness for the summons, for the sending of which special arrangements had been made.

In 1840, on the occasion of the birth of the queen's eldest child, now the Empress Dowager of Germany, there were in attendance in an adjoining apartment, the door of which was open, a number of high state functionaries, including the archbishop of Canterbury, the bishop of London, the lord chancellor, Lord Melbourne, Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell.

After the interesting moment had arrived Mrs. Lilly, the nurse, entered the room where the privy councillors were assembled with the princess wrapped in flannel in her arms. Her royal highness was for a moment laid upon a table for the observation of the assembled authorities, but it is recorded that the loud tones in which she indicated her displeasure rendered it advisable that she should be returned without delay to her chamber to receive her first attire. A couple of hours later the privy council met and the usual directions were given for announcing the event to the nation as well as to foreign states.

The birth of the prince of Wales' eldest son, the late duke of Clarence, occurred in such an unexpected fashion that anything in the nature of state formalities was impossible. Indeed, there was not even time to summon the special physicians from London to Frogmore, and the duty of introducing the prince to the light of day devolved upon a local practitioner of Windsor, who, however, seems to have discharged his responsible duties as effectively as could have been expected from his more illustrious brethren. It was a cold and frosty January, and the Princess of Wales had accompanied her husband and a large party to Virginia Water, where a hockey match in which the prince took part was played on the ice.

The princess, who was occasionally driven about in a sledge, was much interested in watching the game. She left Virginia Water at 4 o'clock, and before 9 o'clock the infant prince was born. All arrangements had been made for March at Marlborough house in London, and there was accordingly nothing in readiness, not even a nurse being present on the occasion, though in this connection it is said that the maternal experience of the Countess of Macclesfield was most useful.

The "royal" or "white" lodge, a familiar object to those familiar with the exquisite beauties of Richmond park, is said by a historian writing eighty years ago to have been "built by George II. from a design by the earl of Pembroke as a place of refreshment after the fatigues of the chase." Since then it has been enlarged from a mere hunting box into a comfortable country house. It was a favorite residence of Queen Caroline, consort of George II., whose many acts of kindness to the poor of Richmond were long remembered, and in memory of whom the fine avenue of trees leading up to the house was named "The Queens Ride."

The lodge is substantially built, without any great pretensions to beauty in design, having to right and left of the main building two semi-circular wings covered with ivy and flowering creepers. These wings were added at a time when the queen and the prince consort were wont, in the earlier days of their married life, constantly to stay at the White Lodge, for which both had a great affection. Every living-room in the house is a miracle of comfort and good taste, a result due to the duke of Teck, who excels in all that has to do with art decoration.

Fried Bananas.

Take ripe bananas not too soft, and peel them. Dip them in cracker dust, then in beaten egg, and again in cracker dust. Fry them whole, like doughnuts, in boiling hot fat. When of a delicate brown let them drop in a colander. Serve in a folded napkin on a platter.

PRETTY RIBBON BAG.

Something New in the Way of a Snuggery for Fan or Lognette.

It is called a ribbon bag, because it is fashioned altogether of the gay fringed material. Whatever the color scheme selected it must be carried out in lustrous lengths of satin, or moire, or fancy ribbon.

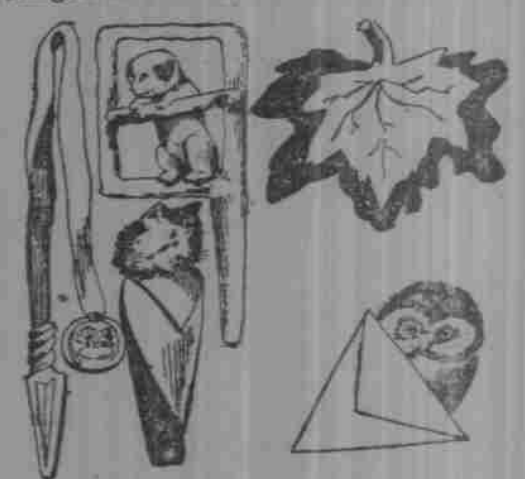
In making this cunning conceit, you first decide upon its length and cut the ribbon accordingly. A good-sized fan may be your guide, and the ribbon is cut a trifle longer to allow for draw-strings and gathers.

Any width may be used, but the most graceful bag is fashioned from ribbon three inches and a half wide, and not quite half a yard long.

Two lengths of ribbon are required, one for the front and the other for the back of the bag. They are placed together and two of the edges sewed up on the wrong side; then the joined pieces are laid out flat and on the wrong side, a very delicate pad of batting spread upon them, finally overlaid with a lining of tinted silk. If desired, a powdering of jasmine, or some other subtle sachet, may be placed upon the batting before the silk is put in position.

When batting and silk are arranged, fold over the whole thing and stitch up on the wrong side the two unsewed edges of the bag. After the bottom has been secured, turn the bag over to the right side. A draw-string run with narrow ribbons is given the top, so that quite a ruffled edge stands up, revealing glimpses of the silk lining.

Now the decorations for the bag, like its foundation, consist of ribbon. This is about an inch wide. It is arranged in bias lines across the front of



RIBBON BAG.

the bag, and, wherever it is carried to the edge, it is punctuated by a bow of five loops. The effect is exceedingly pretty, and is enhanced by a series of tiny bows across the lower edge of the bag.

The fragrant snuggery for fan or lognette appears well in a combination of colors. For instance, peach-pink and china-blue create a Frenchy trifle; while blue and white, pumpkin and green, pink and silver, and scarlet and black all show up well.—Golden Days.

FAMILY SCRAP BAG.

In tagging trunks write in full their destination as well as your name.

It is said that those who eat too much meat are apt to have ringing in the ears.

Dish drainers made of wire are coming into use. They prevent much breakage and nicking of dishes.

To cool rooms properly, open the windows at top and bottom. This gives the heated air along the ceiling a chance to escape and create a draft.

Try an application of ripe tomatoes to the ink stain and iron rust on white clothes. Never apply it to colored clothes, however, for tomatoes will extract all the color as well.

SAUCE tartare is made by adding three olives, one gherkin, a teaspoonful of capers, all chopped finely, and a teaspoonful of tarragon vinegar to a half pint of good mayonnaise.

In making griddle cakes, each quart of milk or water will take a heaping pint of flour or meal to make batter just right. If it becomes too thick by standing over long it may be thinned a little.

A HANDSOME library has fine Japanese matting irregularly used to panel the walls. The panels are framed by flat moldings, some of them being decorated, and in others plain spaces forming the frames of enclosed pictures.

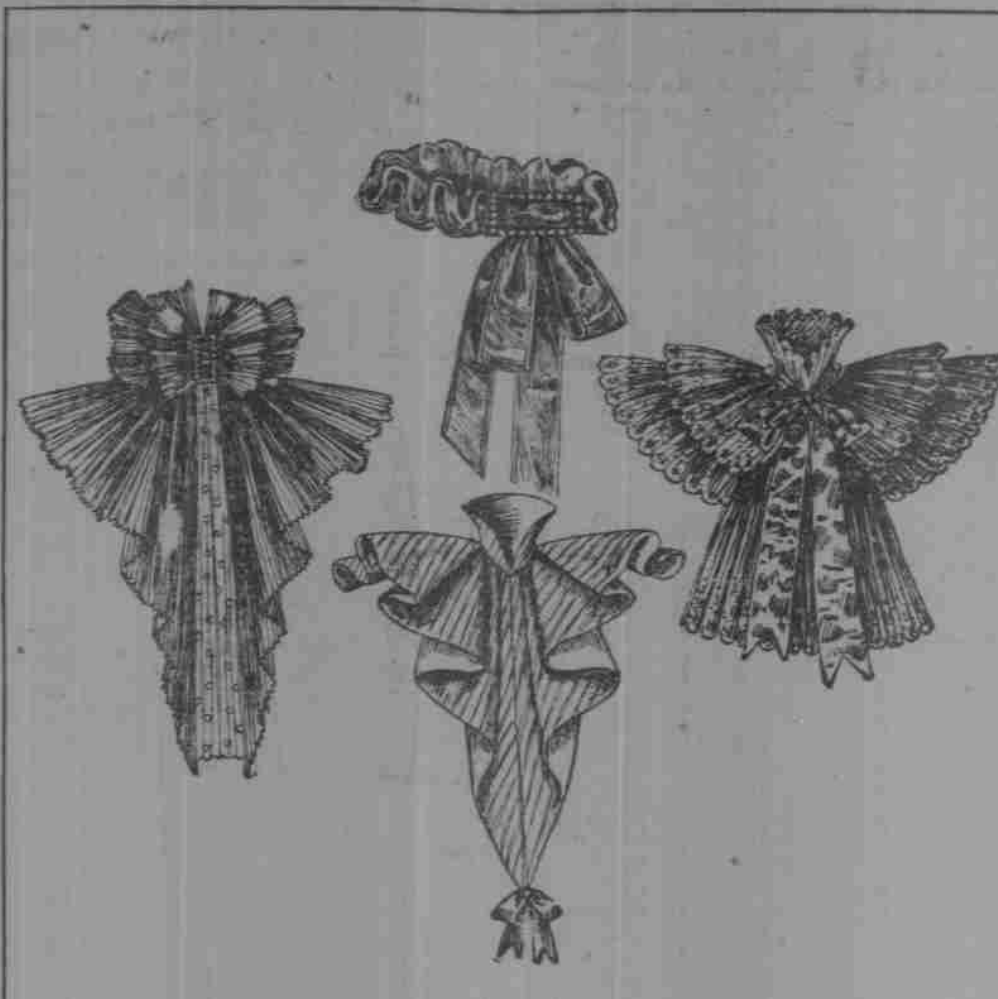
BORAX is a convenient thing to have on the kitchen shelf. Added to the water in which dish towels are washed it will help to keep them of good color. Moreover, by softening the water, it tends to keep the hands smooth and white.

Tansy Will Drive Out Moths.

"There is one sure preventive of moths. It is tansy," says a correspondent. "Sprinkle the leaves freely about your woodens and furs and the moth will never get into them. When I was a child my grandmother used to send me to the tansy patch on the hill with a large basket, in which to bring home plenty of tansy leaves. In the garret were five hair-covered trunks, studded with brass nails. Filled with her best blankets, flannels, sheets, etc. I remember how grandmother took the extra supply out of those trunks in the garret, once a year, hung the articles on a clothesline down in the orchard, beat them and put away again to lie amid the tansy leaves until another year. The fourth generation of her posterity are sleeping under the same blankets and coverlets now, which proves the efficacy of that remedy of the olden times."—Philadelphia Evening Star.

Toothsome Almond Cookies.

One-half pound of butter, one-half pound of sugar, 1½ pounds of flour, five beaten eggs, one heaping teaspoonful of baking powder; flavor with almond extract. Mix to a smooth dough. Roll to a quarter of an inch in thickness. Brush with the beaten white of an egg, and sprinkle thickly with fine sugar. Cut with a cake cutter into hearts and diamonds, or make simple rounds with the lid of the dredging box. Bake in a quick oven.



NEW NECKWEAR.

The lower center figure represents a collar made of striped silk lined with plain silk and trimmed with a ribbon bow. At the top is a collar of pale blue chiffon with ribbon bow and imitation pearl buckle. At the left is an accordion plaited collar of black crepe de chine with rhinestone buckle and polka dotted silk down the front. The mantlelet on the right is of black chantilly and fancy ribbon.

UNKIND.

But Mrs. Niblets Declares She Will Get Even With Them.

"It is surprising how unkind one's friends can be on occasions," remarked young Mrs. Niblets. "It seems as if they really exercised wonderful ingenuity to make themselves disagreeable at times, and weddings seem to bring them out in full force."

A murmur of sympathy was heard from the other ladies, who were drinking tea in Mrs. Jenkins' cozy little parlor yesterday afternoon. Some of them looked as if they, too, had many grievances of the sort if they cared to tell of them, but Mrs. Niblets had the floor and proceeded:

"Mr. Niblets, as some of you know, is a very shy man, and so afraid were we of being recognized as a newly married couple that we neither of us wore any new clothes when we started off on our wedding journey. Even our gloves were old, and I am convinced now that we rather overrated the indifference of old married folks."

"We were married at noon and started off on an afternoon train bound for New York. The parlor car was crowded, and Mr. Niblets congratulated himself on having secured seats in advance. Just as the train was about to start the porter brought in to me a rather large box of flowers. I knew it contained flowers, for the florist's name was on the lid. I put the box down beside me—not for the world would I have worn flowers on that occasion, for they might have attracted attention, you know. By and by I began to wonder who it was who had been so attentive and decided that I would untie the ribbon with which the box was fastened and just peep inside. I wanted to see the card enclosed."

"I took the box on my lap and undid the ribbon. I had no chance to do more, for the cover was jerked from my hand, and out jumped a Cupid about 12 inches high, holding an arrow which pierced two large red hearts. You can imagine our horror! The whole car guffawed as with one accord, and all eyes were immediately fixed upon us. To add to the unpleasantness the box was filled with orange blossoms, which fell on all sides."

"How was it arranged? Oh, very simply. The little god of love was attached to a strong wire spring, such as is used for an ordinary 'jack in the box.' The ribbon loosened, of course he jumped out. Just think of the trouble and ingenuity displayed in arranging it! Poor Mr. Niblets turned perfectly crimson, and I blushed up to the roots of my hair. The whole car was so much amused that both men and women stared at us continuously. We stood it until we reached Baltimore, because we had to. It was an express train. At Baltimore we got out and postponed our visit to New York until the next day. Who sent it? Why, it was to my brother and to a wicked cousin of mine that I was indebted for that little surprise. But let them beware—I shall get even with them somehow when their turn comes."—Exchange.

Used to It.

Young Author (engaging apartments)—You have several literary men boarding here, I believe.

Mrs. Simdick—Yes, quite a number. I like literary men.

"I am delighted to hear it."

"Yes, you see, literary men never kick when I demand cash in advance. They are used to it."—Spare Moments.

The "Searching" Position.

"Can't you give me a motto as a sort of guide while I'm struggling through my career?" said the young bicyclist who had determined to become the greatest racer of his age.

"Certainly," said the sporting man, thoughtfully. "Hump yourself."—Chicago Record.

Had to Do It.

She—Why, there's Charley Van Beet. Don't you remember his going to California some time ago with his fiancée?

He—I should say I did. He wrote me he didn't have money enough to get back. How do you suppose he managed it?

She—Why, he married her out there—life.

A Sure Thing.

Binkers—This life insurance idea is good enough if a man dies young, but suppose I should live 30 or 40 years longer—I'd be terribly out of pocket.

Agent—No danger of that, sir. You'll soon kill yourself working to pay the premiums.—New York Weekly.

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RIPPLES.

Some of the doctors have discovered that tight heeled shoes cause blindness. This ought to be an eye opener for women, but it is not likely to be one.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

The only apparent effect of advanced civilization seems to be that children begin to worry at an earlier age.—Acheson Globe.

"Now I'm getting the run of the thing," as the policeman said when he took after the dude.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The horse chief generally keeps a running account of his doings.—New Orleans Picayune.

A cat is said to have nine lives. This may account for the nine muses.—Philadelphia Record.

The boy who is continually carrying on in school doesn't carry off much when the honors are distributed.—Yonkers Statesman.

American Little Girl (to her mamma)—What is a dead letter, please? Mamma—One that has been given to your father to post.—Jewish Messenger.

It is estimated that at least 784 kisses are exchanged at the Union depot every day. When you think that most of the kisses are women, it is terrible to think of such a needless waste.—Acheson Globe.

The author of the poem on another page is a personal friend of the editor. We print it as a proof that nothing can break the sacred silken tie of friendship.—Kansas City Star.

She was a tired boarding house keeper who, being asked if she took transients, replied, "No, except my servants."—Truth.

In arranging a date for a lawn party always pick out one who is always and weather predictions say it will be disagreeable and stormy.—Acheson Globe.

"I don't believe half of our rich men know when they are well off." "Humph! How'd you get that idea?" "Been looking over the assessment roll."—Buffalo Courier.

"Wonder what kind of an entry old man Golden made of the money he gave his daughter when she married that nobleman." "Don't know, but presume he charged it as paid on a count."—Atlanta Constitution.

If you are inclined to underrate the importance of small things, consider how much insomnia there is in one fly.—Chicago Herald.

Here is a gem of literary composition from a recent historical novel: "The gas lamps, not having been invented at that time, rendered the streets of the city still darker."—Youth's Companion.

It is a great deal easier to believe the returned angel's story when he sends you round a goodly portion of the fish.—Somerville Journal.

It is the quiet man who looks as though he might pass the hat at the temperance meeting who develops the biggest yell when the umpire decides in favor of the home team.—Minneapolis Journal.

There is no pen powerful enough to describe the feelings of a man on the occasion when for the first time he goes out walking with his first wife, wearing his first plug hat.—Somerville Journal.

Sometimes there are instances in life like those in story books. An Acheson girl engaged herself to a carpenter, thinking he was poor, and discovered on the eve of her wedding day that he had \$50 in the bank. He had not told her, wishing to be loved for himself alone.—Acheson Globe.

Oxford has made Captain Mahan of the Chicago a doctor of civil law. Wouldn't a doctor of canon law be better?—Philadelphia Times.

A young lieutenant going out to India with his regiment, writing home about the country, climate is magnificent, but a lot of young fellows come out here and drink and eat and eat and drink and die, and then write home and say it was the climate that did it.—San Francisco Argonaut.

A little 8-year-old girl, while her mother was trying to get her to sleep, became interested in some noise. She was told that it was caused by a cricket, when she sagely observed, "Mamma, I think he ought to be killed."—Pearson's Weekly.

So many little shoes have been given a young mother in Acheson that she became irritable and informed the giver of the last pair that her baby wasn't a cented, thank you.—Acheson Globe.

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